A

# PICK-TOOTH

## FOR THE POPE:

OR

## THE PACK-MANS PATER NOSTER.

Set down in a Dialogue, betwixt a Pack-man, and a Priest.

*Translated out of Dutch by S. I. S. and newly augmented and enlarged by his son R. S.*

This pious Poeme buy and read,
For of the Pope it knocks the head.

*GLASGOW,*
By ROBERT SANDERS, Printer to the Town, and are to be sold in his Shop.

*M, DC, LXIX.*

## TO THE READER.

*THis Present (for the present) I present,*
*To you, good Reader, with my final addition:*
*The which, to imitate is my intent:*
*To match, or over-match, were great ambition:*
*I but enlarge it, not surpass; for neither*
*I may, can, will, dare parallel my Father.*

*I may not, for I cannot reach unto it:*
*And though I could, I will not enterprise it:*
*And though I would, could, might, I dare not do it:*
*To dare, were with disdain for to despise it.*
*My Parents Poeme only to express.*
*I press, of new, to put into the Press.*

# A CONFERENCE BETWEEN A PEDLER AND A PRIEST.

OR,

*The Packmans Patee n ſter,*
*Which he learn'd in a Cloſter:*
*Whereof he ſore repented,*
*And prayes it may be printed.*
*Not fitting for the Schools,*
*The School-maſter of fools.*

A Polands Pedler went upon a day,
Unto his Parish Prieſt to learn to pray:
The Prieſt ſaid, Packman, thou muſt haunt the Clo-
To learn the Ave, and the Pater noſter. (ſter,

*Pack-man.*

Now good Sir Prieſt, ſaid he, What talk is that?
I hear you ſpeak, but God in Heaven knows what.

*Prieſt.*

It is, ſaid he, that holy Latine letter,
That pleaſeth God well, and our Ladie better

*Pack-man.*

Alace, Sir John, I'le never underſtand them,
So muſt I leave your prayers as I fand them.

*Prieſt.*

Tuſh, tuſh, fayes he, if thou liſt for to learn
The Latine prayers rightlie to diſcern,
And ſojourn but a little with me here,
Within a month I ſhal make thee parqueer.

*Pack-man.*

**Parqueer, said he, that will be but in saying:**
In words, not sense, a prattling, not a praying.
Shal I, Sir John, a man of perfect age,
Pray like an idle Parret in a cage?

*Priest.*

A Parret can but prattle for her part,
But towards God hath neither hand nor heart.

*Pack-man.*

And seeing I have head and heart to pray, (say?
Should not my heart know what my tongue doth
For when my tongue talks, if mine heart mistary,
How quickly may I mar your Ave Mary?
And I, Sir, having many things to seek,
How shal I speed, not knowing what I speak?

*Priest.*

Because that God all tongues doth understand.
Yea knows thy very thoughts before the hand.

*Pack-man.*

Then if I think one thing, and speak another,
I will both crab Christ, and our Ladie his mother:
For when I pray for making up my pack, man,
Your Ave Mary is not worth a plack, man.

*Priest.*

Thy Latine prayers are but general heads,
Containing every special that thou needs:
The Latine serves us for a Liturgie,
As Medeciners direct the Chirurgie:
And in this language Mass is said and sung:
For private things pray in thy mother tongue.

*Pack-man.*

Then must I have a tongue, Sir John, for either,
One for the Mother, another for the Father.

*Priest.* things?

Thinks thou the Mother doth not know such smal-

Christ

Christ is her Son man, and he tells her all things.

*Pack-man.*

But good Sir John, where learnd our Lady her Latines
For in her dayes were neither Mass nor Matines,
Nor yet one Priest that Latine then did speak,
For holy words were then all Hebrew and Greek.
She never was at Rome, nor kist Popes toe;
How came she by the Mass, then would I kno?

*Priest.*

Pack-man, if thou believe the Legendary;
The Mass is elder far then Christ or Mary:
For all the Patriarchs, both more and less,
And great Melchisedeck himself said Mass.

*Pack-man.*

But good Sir John, spake all these Fathers Latine?
And said they Mass in Surplices and Satine?
Could they speak Latine long ere Latine grew?
And without Latine no Mass can be true.
And as for Hereticks that now translate it,
False miscreants, they shame the Mass, and slate it.

*Priest.*

Well, Pack-man, faith thou art too curious,
Thy spur-blind zeal, fervent, but furious:
I'd rather teach a whole Coven of Monks,
Then such a Pack-man with his Puritane spunks.
This thou must know, that cannot be deny'd,
Rome reign'd over all when Christ was crucify'd:
Rome Ethnick then; but afterwards converted,
And grew so honest, and so holy hearted,
That now her Emp'ror is turn'd in our Pope,
His Holiness; as you have heard, I hope.
He made a Law, that all the world should pray
In Latine Language to the Lord each day:
And this in our Traditions you may try;
Which if you list to read, and shal espy

The

The Pope to be Christs Vicar, sole and sure,
And to the worlds end will so endure.

*Pack man.*

Surely this purpose puts me far aback.
And hath no points, then pins in all my pack;
What ever power you give to your Pope,
He may not make a man an Ape, I hope.

*R. S.*

But good Sir John before we further go,
Resolve me this, since you affail me so:
How, when and where this Vicarage befell
Unto your Pope? I pray you briefly tell.

*Priest.*

Know you not? Peter when he went to Rome,
He there was execute which was his doom:
And in his latter will and Legacy,
At Rome he left his full Supremacy
Unto the Pope; which Legacy was given
By Christ to Peter, when he went to heaven,
And so the Pope (though mediatly, indeed
By Peter) Christs sole Vicar doth succeed;
And every Pope sensyne from race to race,
Succeeds each other in the Papal place.

*Pack-man.*

By your assertion surely I perceive,
You press to prove that Peter then did leave
Such Legacy to those who did him murther:
Think ye such fond cõceats your cause can further?
That's but a very falsly forged fiction,
And proves most for your Romish whoors cõviction.
For Rome did falsly fall from Peters faith,
And Burreo like bereft him of his breath,
And so your Pope doth merit no preferment.
But, as an Hang-man, Peters upper garment.
And still, Sir John, ye strive to play the knave.

Affir-

Affuming falſly Peter did receive
His Primacy from Chriſt, when thus he ſpoke,
That he would build his Church upon that Rock;
As if on Peter Chriſt had only founded
His holy Church for ever to be grounded:
To wreſt the Scripture is your whole pretence,
Either into an ill or double ſenſe.
Chriſt built his Church on Peters pure profeſſion,
And on the ſolide Rock of his confeſſion;
That he was Chriſt, which is a firm foundation
Againſt all Romiſh-Popiſh murdation.
I ſorry am to ſee you ſo unwiſe;
For Peter after that deny'd Chriſt thrice:
Chriſt built his Church on faith, which byds a tryal,
And not upon poor Peters thriſe denyal.
On this * a friend of mine did make a Sonet, *Alexm.*
A pretty one, if I could light upon it: *Sempil.*
Lo here it is, and in it ye may read,
How your proud Pope to Peter doth ſucceed.
Why ſhould profane proud Papiſts thus preſume
To ſay their Pope to Peter doth ſucceed?
Read we that Peter (if he was at Rome)
Rode rob'd with triple crowns upon his head?
Pray'd ever Peter for the ſouls of dead?
Or granted pardon for the greateſt ſin?
How many Nunces, note we, he did need
Through all the Nations that his name was in?
How many Friers had Peter, can we find,
In ſundry ſorts ſo ſhaven with a ſhame?
Was ever Peter ſo blaſphemous blind,
As to take Holineſs unto his Name?
The Pope ſucceeds to Peter in no caſe,
But in denial, and in no divine place.

*K. S.*

Poor Peter, only thrice, did Chriſt deny:

Once

Once was too much: but soon he did espy
How that he rashly had forsworn his Matter;
For which Christ shortly did apply a plaster
To his sick Soul, and plac'd his grace therein,
Which is the only antidote for sin.
Christ turn'd and look'd on him, and was content
To pardon Peter, since he did repent.
But I can prove your Pope, Sir John, to be
Into a great deal worse estate then he:
For Popes do dayly both in word and deed
Deny our Lord, as after ye may read:
Who derogates from Christ the full perfection
Of mediation, for our Souls election;
And say, his sufferings cannot satisfie
For all our sins, and cure our misery:
But mix their humane merite (vile ambition!)
The foolish brain-sick birth of mans tradition:
And als the works of Supererogation,
With Christs true merite, our sole consolation
Denyes that Christ can be his only Savior:
Can ye call this a Christian-like behavior?
No, that ye cannot, for we may espy all
Such dealing is of Christ a flat denyal.
But this your Pope doth mishently maintain,
That humane merite mercy must obtain:
What humane merite means, I have no skill,
Go ye to Heaven by any means ye will:
I hope in God that heaven I shal inherite
Through Christ his only mercy-worthy merite.
Your Pope denyes his Lord without repentance,
For dayly profit: and draws near the sentence
Of Judas case; For when the Lord had told him
He should betray him, then he shortly sold him
Unto the Jews, and thirty pence did take,
Too smal a sum his Savior to forsake.

Yet after that he fain would have repented,
But not ſo ſoon his ſin he had reſented:
He forth-with ran in haſte, and hang'd himſelf,
Who ſold his Savior for vile worldly pelf.
For Judas one, each Pope may compt five hunder
For every day, and do not at it wonder,
Nor think him damnified by ſuch tranſgreſſion,
For 'tis the richeſt point of his profeſſion,
And is the fineſt feather in his wing,
Which makes him loath to quite ſuch trafficking.
And ſo your Pope not only doth deny Chriſt,
But Judas-like, he ſels, and Papiſts buy Chriſt.

Yet ſuffer me, Sir John, for to relate
Some Orders of your Popiſh Roman ſtate.
Firſt is your Pope, whom ſo your Clergy calls,
Next him ye have your pompous Cardinalls,
Your Prelats, Prieſts, your Priors and your *Patrons*,
Your Monks at Maſs, & Matines with your Matrõs:
Your Abbots Convents, and your chaſte Abeſſes;
Your Nunries Nuns, your painted *Prioreſſes*:
Your Jebuſitiſh Jeſuits, your Friars,
So raſ'd with raſors, and ſo ſhaven with ſhears:
Some of the Order of Dominican,
Some of the Order of proud Franciſcan.
And think ye not the Romiſh Church doth erre,
When before Chriſt, Saint Francis they prefer?
They make Chriſt (only) but as an Orator,
But make Saint Francis only Exorator.
Chriſt but to pray, Saint Francis to prevail,
And to obtain, when Chriſt his prayers fail.
Some of another Order are content,
Call'd Capuchins, themſelves for to torment,
With many mo I may not now rehearſe,
Which would be tedious to put in verſe.
Search all the Scriptures through, ſee what it ſayes,

If such styles were in Christs or Peters dayes.
No, good Sir John, I surely do suppone,
Like those you shal find either few or none.
And yet, Sir John, I'le show you what a story,
Your ancient Fathers tell of Purgatory.
They do affirm that Antichristian Cell,
To be a place next adjacent to Hell;
Alike in pain, but not alike in case,
Of the continuance of time and space:
Wherein are Souls for venial sins committed:
(For satisfying mortal sins remitted:
Some Souls are likewise for a time tormented)
Untill by pray'r Gods anger be relented.
And the confession hereof is, as saith
Your Bellarmine, a point of Catholick faith.
And so must be undoubtedly believed;
Wherefore, who payes most, sooneſt is relieved:
Not by good faith, but only by good deeds,
And pratling Pater nosters on their beads:
By dayly sacrifices of the living,
And weekly rents, and offerings largely giving:
And by their publick, and proclamed alms,
A silver showr that fyrie fornace calmes.
And as for me, Sir John, I say no more.
But this into mine heart I heap in store,
By faith in Christ Gods grace is to me given,
That my Soul shortly shal ascend to Heaven.
When this life ends, my ghost shal go to glory.
Pocks on your presuppoſed Purgatory,
*Infantum limbus*, and your *Limbus Patrum*,
Whereout none comes, but by the *preces Fratrum*,
(Ye say) and Masses said for souls departed.
Whereby poor pievish peoples pelf is parted
Amongst your Clergy, making them believe
Their silly souls then quickly shal relieve

Out of that pain: and as for them that pay moſt,
Creeds, Avees, Paters, Maſs, they pray, and ſay moſt.
To make their ſayings ſure they cite the Scripture,
But falſely formed with a ragged rupture:
Of which, if ye would ſurely have a ſent,
Read Cartwright againſt Rhemes New Teſtament.
The which to prove how little they prevail,
Read Doctor Mortons Proteſtant appeal;
Where ye ſhal find this purpoſe well diſputed.
And by them both right learnedly refuted.
It paſſeth Papiſts power for to prove it,
The more I hear, the more I loath to love it.
So ſince, Sir John, ye have no Scripture for it,
But meer alleadgences. I muſt abhore it:
To truſt ſuch tales I ſhal be verie ſory,
I le go to Heaven, go ye to Purgatory.
In Rome likewiſe to hinder fornication,
Your Pope admits a great abomination;
They ſuffer borthels without reprehenſion,
For augmentation of their yearly penſion,
Wherein for Clergy-men are Stewes allowed,
For weekly payment, conſtantly avowed.
They ſpare not only to exact a rent,
From perſons willing to live continent:
Allowing them their whoors (thus they inſiſt)
In Stewes: where they may have them, if they liſt:
For Clergy-men they ſuffer not to marry,
Conſenting to a courſe that's quite contrary
To Gods Law, charging his Church withall,
There ſhould not be a whoor in Iſrael.
But your Pope Adrian, for yearly fewes,
Did build in Rome (O Rome!) a ſtately Stewes:
Behold his godleſs, graceleſs goodleſs cariage:
To build a Borthel, diſanulling marriage.
Now, were I Lay, or Church-man, by my life,

I ſhould renounce your Stewes, and take a wife.
And laſt, your *Pope*, like all devouring dogs,
In Rome allows the Jews their Synagogues;
Wherein our Lord and Savior Chriſt they curſe,
For yearly payment to enlarge their purſe.
And yet before a Jew become a *Papiſt*,
Hee'l rather quite his God, and turn an Atheiſt.
Now what profeſſion will they not permit,
For profit in their Sodom for to ſit?
Except true Proteſtants, moſt Apoſtolick,
And pure profeſſors, Chriſtians Catholick:
Such they will never ſuffer in their city,
They perſecute them all, and have no pity:
But ſtill purſue them both with ſword and fire,
Like mad-men in their fury and their ire;
And like blood-thirſtie raging Lyons roaring
After their preyes: like hungry Wolves devouring
The blood of Saints, when they can apprehēd them
I hope in God, he dayly ſhal defend them;
Againſt their Deviliſh deſperate intentions,
And their invective Jeſuits inventions:
And all their wicked wiles, and ſubtile ſhots,
Their moſt abominable powder plots.
See from their fountains what ſweet water ſpring
To ſend out tongues to kill their native Kings:
Both *Prince* and people, to deſtroy they care not,
Man, wife, and child to put to death they ſpare not.
Mark what a vile report Queen Katherin caries
For that mad Maſſacre ſhe made at Paris:
Should any ſoul ſuch fake-leſs ſlaughter ſmother,
So miſhently committed by her Mother?
Who ſent out bloody Boutchers to cut down,
The whole *Proteſtants* preſent in the town;
Both under truſt, and under cloud of night:
But I repoſe in Jacobs God of might,

He will undoubtedly ere it be long,
Both judge their cauſe, and eke revēge their wrong.
Albeit their bones be buried in the duſt,
In God Omnipotent I put my truſt:
( As in the ſacred Fathers we do read )
The blood of Saints ſhal be the Churches ſeed.
Though ye think your Profeſſion true and pure,
Had ye a ſpunk of grace ( Man ) I am ſure,
( Hearing me make ſo many true relations,
How Rome maintains ſo groſs abominations )
Her deviliſh doctrine ſoon ye would deſpite,
And queſtionleſs, her courſes quickly quite.
For Rome, we ſee, retains into her Treaſure,
Popes, perjury, profanity, and pleaſure:
Prieſts, Papiſts, Pardons, Prelates, Priors punks,
Maſs, matines, matrons mumbling with their Monks;
Contentious Jeſuits, counterfeit contrition:
That helliſh hole of Spaniſh Inquiſition:
Earth Epicures, equivocating elfs,
Puft up with pampering pride of paltred pelfs.
Terreſtrial temporizers, truthleſs traitors;
Falſe, fained, faithleſs, filthie fornicators:
Unhappy hypocrites, unwholſome whoors,
In beaſtly borthels, Babyloniſh bowrs,
With ſhameleſs ſtrumpets in their ſtinking Stewes
Invyous Jeſuits, invective Jews.
Equivocation, mental reſervation,
The devil deviſ'd ſuch doctrine for damnation:
They eat their God, they kill their King, they couſen
Their neighbor: is not this a great abuſing?
With many monſtrous things I cannot name,
On which to think it makes me ſweat for ſhame:
As are theſe Rites maintain'd in Romes theatre,
And firſt the caſting of their holy water:
Their exorciſme, their images, their altars:

Of

Of crosses, cups, and pals, Popes are exalters,
Of candles, and of Churches consecration,
With vestments in the Church for decoration:
Their hypocritical hid Hermetages,
Their pennance and polluted pilgrimages:
Free-will, and humane merite for offences,
With jugling Jubilees and indulgences;
And of the Saints their idle invocation,
And by the Pope their curst Canonization.
Auricular Confession, vile pollution,
And for their sins a pay'd for absolution:
Their private Masses, and their murmuration,
Their elevation, transubstantiation.
Sir John, if ye would hear me but record,
Some verses on the Supper of our Lord:
It was a friend of mine to me did send them
Hee's not a Christian will not commend them.
Priests make Christs both body and soul, we need not doubt,
They eat, drink, box him up, they bear about.
One is too little; bread and wine
Holds not him several, so we dine;
Thou with thy Christ, I with mine.
Is thy mouth the Virgine womb? Is bread her seed?
Are thy words the holy Ghost? Is this our Creed?
O presumptuous undertaker!
Never Cake could make a Baker,
Yet the Priest can make his Maker. (made?
What's become of all these Christs the Priests have
Do these hostes of ostes abide? or do they fade?
One Christ abides, the rest do flie:
One Christ he lives, the rest do die:
One Christ is true, the rest a lie.
*R. S.*
Into the Gospel, Take ye, Eat ye, Christ saith,

For

For which, Receive ye, Swallow ye, your Priest saith.
See how by Popes the Sacraments are driven,
Where Christ makes two, they ad five, so make seven,
For Baptism and the Supper of the Lord,
These only two did Christ to us afford.
With Christ his institution not content,
To these two true, five bastards they augment.
A bastards name doth duly them befit;
For they were never reabled as yet;
Nor ever shal, but still will be abhor'd,
Because they have no warrant from the Lord,
As Confirmation, Pennance, Extreme Unction,
With Priestly Orders to adorn their functions
And Matrimony they maintain as one.
But here's a wondrous thing to think upon.
How Popes do call themselves, *Servi servorum*,
Yet in procession keep a strange *Decorum*.
They tread on necks of Kings upon the street,
And forcing Emperors to kiss their feet.
Doth God the Father in his Law allow
These vile inventions your Church doth avow?
Doth Christ his Son into his Gospel give
Such wayes to walk in, such faith to believe?
Or doth the holy Ghost in us inspire,
More then the Law and Gospel doth require?
The Father hath prescriv'd to us a Law,
To keep us in obedience and aw:
And Christ his Son our Savior, did provide us
His glorious Gospel always for to guide us:
The holy Ghost doth from them both proceed,
To guard us from our sins in time of need.
If we transgres the Law of God the Father,
Then neither grace nor comfort can we gather.
If we believe not in his only Son.
Then our belief is doubtlesly undone;

And

And if we breath not of the holy Ghoſt,
Then is our labor all our life-time loſt.
But Gods Commandements your Kirk renverſes,
Some ſhe conjoyns, and others ſhe diſperſes:
She truſts in Saints and Angels many one,
And ſhould truſt in the Trinity alone:
Wherefore Gods holy Sprit can nev'r attend her,
Nor in diſtreſs or danger ev'r defend her.
And though ſhe reign a while in pompe and pride,
I hope in God my good and gracious guide,
To her the true Religion hee'll advance
Ere long, and bring her out of ignorance,
Wherein ſhe hath theſe many hundreth years
Lyen wilfully, which manifeſt appears,
By her unwillingneſs from thence to part,
She is ſo obdurate, and hard of heart;
So that except God by his mighty hand,
Her power, her pride, and cruelty withſtand,
And force her from her filthineſs to flie,
Of errors great, and groſs idolatrie:
So if ſhe follow not Chriſts true inſtruction,
I fear her final dangerous deſtruction:
Which God forbid: I hope in his own time,
Hee'll both forgive, and purge her of all crime.
Heard ever ye, Sir John, a purpoſe quicker,
To prove the Pope to be Chriſts only Vicar?

*S. I. S.*

And though he were full Vicar to our Lord,
Should not his words and Chriſts keep one accord?

*Prieſt.*

Doubtleſs they do, and never are contrary,
In *Pater noſter*, Creed, nor Ave Mary.

*Pack-man.*

But Chriſts Diſciples when they made their motion
To Chriſt their Maſter, how to make devotion?

As I have done to you, Sir John, to day,
I pray you, in what tongue bade he them pray?
Christ did not one word Latine to them speak:
Their talk was all in Syriack, Hebrew, Greek.
He bade all Nations pray after one manner:
But bade not all take Latine for their Banner.
Your Latine is but one of the Translations:
Why should it then exclude all other Nations?
And on my soul, Sir John, if I but say,
In mine own Mother tongue, when I do pray:
Lord, help me, Lord, forgive me all my sins:
Yea, why not, Lord, increase my pack and pins,
And every thing whereof I stand in need:
For this depends upon our dayly bread:
I hope in God, to reap more comfort herein,
Then Latine ye would make me so parquier in,
And since some tongues have more antiquity
Then Latine, were it not iniquity
To force all people to pray like the Pope?
No, good Sir John, yee'l not say that I hope.

*Priest.*

But Pack-man, one point would I fain make plain,
Let us come back to our Ladie again:
And if thou had as much capacity,
As raving wit, with great audacity,
The case is clear, that Virgine Mary meek,
She could all languages perfitely speak.
Hast thou not heard, man, how the holy Ghost
Came down like cloven tongues at the Pentecost,
And fild the house where all the twelve were ready,
And one tongue truely lighted on our Lady?
And lest thou think I talk of idle themes,
Consult the reverend Jesuits of Rhemes:
I pray thee, Pack-man, earnestly this note.

*Pack-man.*

In faith, Sir John, it is not worth a groat.
Will I believ't, think ye, becauſe they ſay it ?

*Prieſt.*

No: but they prove't, as no man can deny it.
Saith not the Text, that when the Lord aſcended,
Unto the twelve he earneſtly recommended,
That from Jeruſalem they ſhould not go,
Until the Comforter ſhould come: and ſo
Into an upper room they went together,
Where Marie ſtill was one, ye muſt conſider,
With many mo in number full ſix ſcore,
That with the twelve did dayly God adore:
And then he ſaith, when Pentecoſt was come,
They were together in one place, all, and ſome,
And (all) were filled with the holy Ghoſt.

*Pack-man.*

O good Sir John, ye count without your hoſt.
Now I ſee well your Ieſuitical tongues
Have cloven the Text even to the very lungs:
That (all) which firſt was ſpoken of ſix ſcore,
Is here meant of the only twelve, no more.
Nor Mary is not named now, as than;
What need I then believe it, holy Man?
On with your ſpectacles, Sir John, and read,
And credit this as a point of your Creed:
The holy Ghoſt could fall upon no more
Then he was promiſed unto before.
Doubtleſs he took not a blind-folded flight,
Like fyled Larks, not knowing where to light.
Now he was promiſed only to the twelve,
Look on the text, Sir John, and judge your ſelve.
Speak man, and be not ſilent: I am ſorie,
To ſee you ignorant of ſuch a ſtorie.
And as the ſtories in themſelves are divers,

Flowing and falling into ſundrie rivers;
In divers chapters ſo they ſtand divided,
So that the caſe may clearly be decided.
For when theſe ſix ſcore was at firſt conveened,
There was another myſterie then meaned;
To wit, Matthias free election,
And ſo Saint *Peter* gave direction,
That (all) the ſix ſcore there ſhould bear record
Of their proceedings then before the Lord:
The chooſing of a *Paſtor* was in hand,
Which if the Church allow not, cannot ſtand:
And ſo Matthias, through the power of Heaven,
By lot was held as one of the eleven.
Then ſayes the text, all theſe were ſtill together:
What all theſe were, let any man conſider.
The twelve, ſay I, in the laſt verſe before;
And not make Leap-year of eleven verſe more,
To draw all back to theſe hundred and twentie:
Indeed this way we ſhould have tongues in plenty:
And as they differ by twelve verſe or lines,
So are they ten dayes different in times:
The firſt upon the day when Chriſt aſcended,
The other when the holy Ghoſt deſcended:
Such glazen arguments will bide no hammer,
For they are but ill Logick, and worſe Grammer.
So only twelve receiv'd the holy Ghoſt,
And ſo our Ladie all her tongues hath loſt.
Now for the holy Ghoſt it's truly tryed,
His coming down is unto no law tyed,
Sometimes inviſible, and ſometimes ſeen,
As diverſly at divers times hath been.
His coming needs but to be ſeen of few,
His works may ſerve for witneſſes anew;
And ſo Saint *Paul* himſelf I underſtand,
But privatly by Ananias hand.

And ſo, Sir John, to ſhow you all my pack,
And let you ſee my breaſt as well as back;
I wonder ye conſider not the end,
Why God the holy Ghoſt in tongues did ſend:
Know ye not, Tongues were only given for teaching?
Know ye not, women are forbidden preaching?
Yea ſcarce at home have liberty of ſpeach,
But ask their husbands, and they for to teach.
Since women then in Gods word may not walk,
What ſhould they do with tõgues that may not talk?
And then, Sir John, what worſhip do ye win,
Unto our Ladie, when ye bring her in
Iack-fellow-like with other whole ſix ſcore,
Who got the holy Ghoſt, and ſhe no more?
And where the Pope hath made her queen of heavẽ
Ye make her but like one of the eleven:
Surely, Sir John, this is an ill favour'd fitching;
Ye thruſt her from the Hall down to the kitching
And this is alſo one of the rare Themes,
Held by your reverend Ieſuits of Rhemes:
That Latine came not with the holy Ghoſt,
When the cloven tongues came at the Pentecoſt.
Now, if it came not by the holy Ghoſt,
Whence is this holyneſs whereof ye boaſt,
That in it onlie, and none other tongue,
Both Maſs and Matines muſt be ſaid and ſung:
Your laſt refuge will be unto the Pope:
So knit up altogether in one rope.
Then, good Sir John, conſider but a little,
How ye gave unto Marie many a tittle,
Whereof ye have no warrand in the Word;
And yet purſue us both with fire and ſword,
As Hereticks, for not doing as ye do:
Yet what the Word bids, and no more, that we do.

Think

Think ye that any man can be so mad,
As to hold Christ his Savior; and so bad,
As to hold Marie for his Saviors Mother,
And not to love her still above all other?
We love her then, though we believe not in her,
Nor by will-worship think we for to win her.
We hold her blessed, for Christs flesh conceiving,
But far more blessed, for Christs faith receiving:
She is his Mother, and the Church his Wife,
Which was to him more dearer then his life.
So, if the one could fall out with the other,
He would respect his Wife, more then his Mother:
For this is every Spouses carriage,
But most in this spiritual Marriage.
And as she's Mother of his humane life,
She's but a Daughter of his heavenly Wife:
And by his Mother, member of Christs body;
Who thinks not so, is but a very Noddy.
All this, Sir John, I do but briefly say,
To let you see, that ye play us foul play.

*Priest.*

Well, Packman, though thou bear about that trunk,
I fear thou be but some foreloppin Monk.
Of Luthers lore, or crooked Calvins crew,
And sent abroad, such business to brew:
Transformed in the person of some Pedler.

*Pack man.*

Now, good Sir John, in faith I am no medler,
Nor have I mind, nor means so high to mount:
I can but read a little, and lay a count,
And seek my meat through many an unknown Maison.
I know not what ye call your Kyrie-Laison:
So help me God, Sir John, I know no better,
For in your Latine can I read one letter.

I but

I but believe in God, and ſometimes ſay,
Chriſt help me, when I wander out the way.

*Prieſt. R. S.*

I pray thee, Pack-man, this much for to tell me,
Since thou preſumes ſo far for to excell me.
Were't not a very reaſonable thing:
If one were going to an earthly King,
To get forgiveneſs for ſome great tranſgreſſion,
That he ſhould ſhortly ſute the intercеſſion
Of ſome great Favorite, and he for to paſs
To purchaſe pardon for his high treſpaſs;
And not the guilty perſon to proceed
Preſumptuouſly before the King to plead;
But uſe his moyen by his Highneſs Minion.

*Pack-man.*

Sir John, that motion is not worth an Onion.
What if the King ſhal hear the poor mans ſute,
Should he ſtand ſilent, as if he were mute?
No: he ſhould proſtrate, lay his fault before him,
And he himſelf for pity ſhould implore him:
For interceſſors oftimes lurks and lingers,
Except the pleaders largely fill their fingers.
There is a Proverb in the Scottiſh lawes,
A man, a Lyon is, in his own cauſe.
Though great abuſes be in earthly things,
We muſt not ſo abuſe the King of Kings.
Such idle tales my mind doth much moleſt.

*Prieſt.*

I pray thee, Pack-man, hear me out the reſt:
And ſo this preſent purpoſe to conclude,
Would ye think any man ſhould be that rude,
To pray to God, without Saints mediation?
It would be thought a great abomination:
The heavens ſuch hainous pride hath ay abhor'd,
So proudly to compear before the Lord.

Such great preſumption God will ſurely puniſh;
That's not the way his fault for to diminiſh;
He muſt implore our bleſſed Ladies aide,
Then ſhe ſhould ſhow her Son what he hath ſaid,
And ſo command him go unto his Father,
That for his ſute ſome comfort he may gather;
Or elſe he muſt employ ſome Saint or Angel.

*Pack-man.*

Such words I find not in the Evangel.
Surely, Sir John, ſuch ſayings are but idle:
Such blaſphemy is not in all the Bible:
To truſt your words, or Pauls, now tel me whether?

*Prieſt.*

Reject them, if they jump not juſt together.

*Pack-man.*

And ſo I ſhal: for I can let you ſee
In Pauls Epiſtle unto Timothie.
He plainly ſayes, There is one God, and than,
One Mediator between God and man.
This ſame is He, which is the man Chriſt Jeſus,
And he from death to life can only raiſe us:
Since he redeem'd us, as our elder brother,
Pray as ye pleaſe, I'll never ſeek another.

*R. I. S.*

And ſo what e're I have, what e're I want,
I neither pray to He, nor to ſhe Saint.
And as for tongues, I have but one, no more;
And wit ye well, albeit I had ten ſcore,
I would uſe all conform to Pauls commanding,
Pray with my tongue, pray with my underſtanding.
Think ye theſe twelve, when they receiv'd theſe tongues,
Did talk like Parrets, or like barrel bungs,
Yeelding a ſound, not knowing what they ſaid;
Idle in preaching, idler when they pray'd?

No:

No: each of them knew well what he did say,
And why not we, Sir John, as well as they?
For since all men have one tongue at command,
Should we seek tongues we do not understand?
Alace, Sir John, had I been train'd at school,
As I am but a simple ignorant fool,
An hundred questions more I might have moved;
But here I cease, fearing to be reproved:
For these few doubts I learn'd in diverse places,
Thinking the Clergy-men would clear all cases.

*Priest.*

Now, Pack-man, I confess thou puts me to it,
But one thing I will tell thee, if thou'lt do it;
Thou shalt come to our holy Prior, Pack-man,
And he, perhaps, will buy all on thy back, man;
And teach thee better how to pray then any,
For such an holy man there are not many.
Be here to morrow, just 'tween six and seven,
And thou wilt find thy self half way to heaven.

*Pack-man.*

Content, quoth I, but there is something more,
I must have your opinion in before.
In case the holy Prior have no leasure,
To speak of every purpose at our pleasure:
There was but one tongue at the birth of Abel,
And many at the building up of Babel:
A wicked work which God would have confounded,
But when Christ came all tongues again resounded,
To build his Church by his Apostles teaching,
Why not in praying, as well as in preaching?
Since prayer is the true and full perfection
Of holy service: saving your correction:
So if our Lord to mine own tongue be ready,
What need I then with Latine trouble our Lady?
Or if both these my prayers must be in,

I pray

I pray thee, tell me at whom to begin?
And to pray joyntly to them both as one,
Your Latine prayers then are quickly gone:
For Pater noster never will accord
With her, nor Ave Mary with our Lord.
If I get him, what need I seek another?
Or dare he do nothing without his Mother?
And this, Sir John, was once in question,
Disputed long with deep digestion,
Whether the Pater noster should be said
To God, or to our Ladie, when they pray'd?
When Master Mare of learn'd Diversitie,
Was Rector of our University:
They sate so long, they cooled all their kail,
Until the Master Cook heard of the tale,
Who like a mad-man ran amongst the Clergie,
Crying with many a *Domine me aspergе*:
To give the Pater noster to the Father,
And to our Ladie give the Avees rather,
And like a Welsh-man swore a great Saint Davies,
She might content her well with Creeds & Avees:
And so the Clergie fearing more confusion,
Were all contented with the Cooks conclusion.

*Priest.*

Pack-man, this Tale is coyned of the new.

*Pack-man.*

Sir John. I'll quyte the pack, if't be not true.
Again, Sir John, ye learned Monks may read,
How Christ himself taught us of his own head,
That every soul that was with sin oppress,
Should come to him, and he would give them rest.
Come all to me, saith he, not to another.
Come all to me, saith he, not to my Mother?
And if I do all as Christ did command it,
I hope her Ladiship will not withstand it,

And ſo, Sir John, if I ſhould ſpeak in Latine
Unto the Lord, at Even-ſong and at Matine,
And never underſtand what I were ſaying,
Think ye the Lord would take this for true pray-
No: that ye cannot; for ye may conſider, (ing?
My tongue and heart ſhould pray to God together.
And hereupon ye ſhal hear what befell
To certain Clerks, that Latine well could ſpell:
With whom, by chance, I lodged at an Inne,
Where an old wife upon a rock did ſpin:
And towards evening ſhe fell to and pray'd,
But neither they, nor I, knew what ſhe ſaid.
One ſaid, the Carling counterfeits the Canting.
Another ſaid, it's but the Matrons manting.
Some call'd it Gibbers, others call'd it Clavers,
But ſtill the Carling ſpeaks, and ſpins, and flavers.
Now good Sir John, what think ye of this Huſſie?
Where was her heart, when her hands were ſo buſie?
In end, one ſaid, Dame, wot ye what ye ſay?
No, not, faith ſhe, but well I wot I pray.
Ye pray, ſaid he, and wots not what? I grant.
Alace, how can ye be ſo ignorant?
The Matrone muſing little at the motion,
Said, Ignorance is mother of devotion.
Then Dame, ſaid he, if Ignorance be the mother,
Darkneſs muſt be the daughter, and none other.
Pray'd ye, ſaid he, when all the time ye ſpan?
What reck of that? ſaid ſhe, God's a good man,
And underſtands all that I ſay in Latine,
And this I do at Even-ſong and at Matine.
Alace, Sir John, was not this wife abuſed,
Whoſe ſoul and ſenſes all were ſo confuſed?
Ye know theſe unknown tõgues can profit no man,
And one tongue is enough for any woman,
But when one prayes in true ſincerity,

As God commands, in Sprit and Verity;
The heart ſends up the tongue as meſſenger
Unto the Lord a pleaſant paſſenger.

*Prieſt.*

But pack-man, here's a prettie little book,
Wherein if thou wilt liſten for to look,
Set out by a true Catholick Divine,
And out of doubt will ſettle thine ingine.
Faith, read it, Pack-man, for it is but little,
The gadge of the new Goſpel is it's tittle.
He clearly proves by Zacharies example,
When he did ſacrifice within the Temple,
And all the people ſtood and pray'd without,
They knew not then what tongue he ſpak, no doubt;
*Ergo* the Maſs may both be ſaid and ſung
In other language then the mother tongue.

*Pack-man.*

Sir John, I ſee your holy Catholick,
Upon the truth, hath put a pretty trick.
Have ye not heard this proverb oftimes ſounded,
*Homo qui malè audit malè rounded?*
So if the people heard not what he ſaid,
How could they know in what language he prayd?
Since underſtanding cometh by the ear,
He cannot underſtand that doth not hear.
Or how proves this that Zacharie the Prieſt
Spake Latine, then the language of the Beaſt?
Were Liturgies under the Law, but ſo
In ſuch a tongue that all the Jews did know?
What e'er he ſpake, himſelf ſure underſtood it:
And ſo your Catholick did ill conclude it:
Becauſe a learned Prieſt may pray in Latine,
And mumble o'er his Even-ſong, Maſs and Matine.
*Ergo* a Pack-man to the Lord may pray,
And never know a ſyllabe he doth ſay:

For when you put me to my Pater noſter,
I ſeek an egge, and ye give me an oſter.
And ſo, Sir John, I have given you a wadge,
That's good enough for your new Goſpel gadge.
Laſt, ſince we ſay that God is good to ſpeak to,
Who will both hear our text, and hear our eke to:
What if he anſwer me in the Latine tongue
Wherein I pray, and wherein Maſs is ſung?
I muſt ſay, Lord, I wot not what thou ſayeſt.
And hee'l ſay, Fool, thou wots not what thou prayeſt
Even, Lord, ſay I, as good Sir John did teach me.
Sir John, ſaith he, a Prieſt unmeet to preach me.
Or in your miſhent mouths once for to name me:
With different tongues and hearts, ſuch Jock, ſuch Jamie.
For though I know mo tongues then ye can tell,
Falſe knaves, ſhould ye not underſtand your ſell?
Gave I not you a tongue as well as heart,
That both to me ſhould play an a-fold part?
But like two double devils ye have diſſembled.
At this Sir John. he quaked, and he trembled,
And ſaid, good Pack-man, thou art ſo quick witted,
Unto the Prior all muſt be remitted.
And ſo the Pack-man paſt unto his lodging,
Having within his heart great grief and grudging:
Sometimes he doubted if the Monks were men,
Or Monſters, for his life he could not ken:
He ſaid, Sir John was a fair fat fed Ox.
Sometimes he ſaid, he looked like John Knox.
But Knox was better verſt into the Bible,
A ſtudie that Sir John held very idle:
They dyve not deep into Divinity,
And trouble them little with the Trinity.
And are more learned in the Legendarie,
In lives of Saints, and of the Lady Marie:

The only Idole they embrace and kiſs A;
Is to prove ſervants unto Miſtreſs *Miſſa.*
With ſuch conceats the Pack-man paſt the night,
With little ſleep, until it was day light.
And by the peep of day he early roſe,
And trim'd him finely in his holy-days hoſe:
And to Sir Johns own chamber ſtraight he went,
Who was attending: So with one aſſent,
They hyed them to the Prior both in haſte,
To whom Sir John began to give a taſte
Of all the queſtions that had paſt amongſt them.
He call'd them Hereticks both, and vow'd to hang them.
With that the Pack-man hurled through the Cloſter,
And there he met with an ill favour'd Foſter;
Who quickly twind him, and all on his back:
And then he learn'd to pray, Shame fall the Pack:
For if they have not fred me of my ſin,
They ſent me lighter out then I came in.
And ſtill he cry'd, Shame fall both Monks and Fryars:
For I have loſt my Pack, and learn'd no Prayers.
So farewell Ave, Creed, and Pater noſter:
I'le pray'n my mother tongue, and quite the Cloſter.

*FINIS.*

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